This Stagē, the Ship upon whoſe Decke,
The Seas toſt *Pericles*, appeares to ſpeake.

Enter Pericles on Shipboord.

Per. The god of this great vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges
Which waſh both heaven and hell, and thou that haſt
Vpon the windes command, binde them in Braſſe,
Having cald them from the deepe, O ſtill
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble ſulpherous flaſhes : Oh how *Lichorida*?
How does my Queene ? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? thē Seamans whiſtle
Is a whiſper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida*? *Lucina*, oh!
Divineſt patroneſſe, and my wife, gentle
To thoſe that cry by night, convey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, made ſwift the pangs
Of my Queenes travailes. Now *Lichorida*.

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too yong for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do :
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.
Per. How ? how *Lychorida* ?
Lychor. Patience good ſir, doe not aſſiſt the ſtorme,
Heere's all that is left living of your Queene ;
A little daughter, for the ſake of it
Be manly and take comfort.
Per. O you gods !
Why doe you make us love your goodly gifts
And ſnatch them ſtraight away ?
We here below ; recall not what we give,
And therein may uſe honour with you.
Lychor. Patience good ſir, even for this charge.
Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a moſt bluſterous bird hath never Babē :
Quiet and gentle thy conditions ;
For thou art the rudeſieſt welcome to this world,

That ever was Princes childe : happy what followes,
Thou haſt as chiding a Nativity,
As Fire, Aire, Water, Earth, and heaven can make,
To harold thee from the wombe :
Even at the firſt; thy loſſe is more than can
Thy portage quite, with all thou canſt finde here :
Now the good gods throw their beſt eyes upon it.

Enter two Saylors.

1. *Saylor.* What courage ſir ? God ſavē you.
Per. Courage enough, I doe not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worſt : yet for the love
Of this poore infant, this freſh new ſea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1. *Sayl.* Slacke the bolins there; thou wilt not wilt thou ?
Blow and ſplit thy ſelfe.
2. *Sayl.* But ſea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow
kiſſe the Moone, I care not.
1. *Say.* Sir, your Queene muſt over board,
The ſea workes hie, the winde is lowd,
And will not lie till the ſhip be cleared of the dead.
Per. That's your ſuperſtition.
1. Pardon us ſir ; with us at Sea it hath beēnē ſtill obſerved,
And we are ſtrong in Eaſterne, therefore briefly yeeld her.
Per. As you thinke meete, for ſhe muſt ore boord ſtraight,
Moſt wretched Queene.
Lychor. Heere ſhe lies ſir.
Per. A terrible child-bed haſt thou had (my deare)
No light, no fire, the unfriendly Elements
Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy grave, but ſtraight
Muſt caſt thee ſcarcely coffind, in oare,
Wherefore a Monument upon thy bonēs,
The ayre remaining lampes, the belching Whalē,
And humming water muſt ore-whelme thy corpes,
Lying with ſimple ſhels : Oh *Lychorida*,
Bid *Neſtor* bring me Spices, Inke and Paper,
My Caſket and my Iewels, and bid *Nicander*

Bring